A Wingless Victory.

T was a brilliant blue-and-gold afternoon in February, Dr. Moleson, the celebrated linglish archeologist, was to give his famous octure on the foundation stones of the Parshenon, and all the students of Greek antiquities in Athens were hurrying up the steep sides of the Acropolis to hear him.

Marion Godwin had started early and could afford to lelter. She took the roundabout way which led through the newly excavated street by which Pausar hs, the traveler, had made his entrance into Athens more than seventeen hundred years before, Once a fashionable promenude, crowded with life and bustle, what a poor, shabby little street it | ing her handkerchief in an agony of discomnow looked, sunk eight or ten leet below the level of the present road, its nakedness and dinginess hid bare to the searching light of spring sanshine and modern criticism! Rough inborers were still at work, storming its se-crets with pickex and shovel and loading their straw baskets with the accumulation of dirt and rubbish which had concealed them

for so many centuries.

When she reached the Parthenon, the locttre was already begun, and a little group of students surrounded the learned speaker. They were chiefly young men, and the two or three women were separated from Mariou's three women were separated from married stress grishood by a cluster of at least twenty years. But the contrast which she presented to them was no longer noticed by scholars or teacher, for they had grown accustomed to it. All winter long they had seen the bright young eyes fixed upon the wisdom-imparting lips of French, German, and English archisologies in turn the golden head hear low in cists in turn, the golden bend bent low in securing of archain inscriptions, the slim willte fingers welded to not book and pencil. Many a man envied her her quiet perseverance, and Dr. Moleson considered her his most promis-

ing disciple

The lecture was a long one, and as deep and dry as it was long. Not once did the dector lift his eyes from the foundation stores which were his subject, to see the divine apphire of the sky glowing between the noble columns of the Parthenon, or to cauch the golden sparkle of the sun upon the dimpling Egens. But for once Marion was inattentive; the explanatory monotone of the lecturers the explanatory monotone of the lecturers water jarred upon her this afternoon. Sented on a burge block of pinkins stone which had formed part of the discretenable, her head leaning against a broken column, she let her ture, and of the diminishing sound of depart-

The wonderful landscape which my spread out at her test was sufficient evenue for her inattention. Before her stretched the broad, loped into they bays and harbors, dotted with white sails, and rappled by a light breeze. There below her lay the grand old theater which had witnessed the triumphs of Sophocles and Europies. Farther to the left, springing from the sandy plain around them, stood the graceful group of Corinthian columns of the temple of the Olympian Jove, their marble mellowed by time to soft orange.

umas of the temple of the Olympian Jove, their marble mellowed by time to soft orange and ochre ints. And over all was the pure white light of the Athenian sun, purer, whiter, more darzling in its brilliancy than any other. The poerry and benefy of the seems seized upon her, and made her rebellious against the learning of the schools.

What mattered it whether walls were built of Firan sons stone or Pentolic marble, or in what dim old century foundations were dug and corner-stones had. She was shocked at the reckless insubordination of her thoughts. It was the revolt of young shoulders against the old head which she had been trying to make them carry. She had not realized until she came to Athens that the serious study of ancient Greece by no means meant being stirred by her eloquence, meved be her poetry and art, or thrilled by her heroism, but that it meant to search the howest of the earth for half obliterated boundary lines, to trace the course of old drain pipes, to study the statistics of denses and the measurements of blocks—all of which was very valuable knowledge for the specialist, but Marion was beginning to doubt, with intense morification, whether her mind was after all, as well filted for such a training as she had thought.

Brought up in the midst of the classical enthusiasms of a small New Angland college town, it had been her dream of years to qualit the apring of Greek culture at its fountain head, and the opportunity of spending the

the apring of Greek culture at its fountain

Why was if that the reality was growing every day less like the dream? Had Arnold tained that woman's brains were of another quality from man's, and that it was as sense-less to require them to do man's work as to try to force the lark, whose province it was to sour and sing, to drag the plow,

"The strength and charm of a woman's mind," he has said one day, "should lie in quick and sympathetic intuitions, not in logi-She had contradicted him indignantly af-

the time. But this afternoon, looking down, at the glowing landscape, with its pretty fore-ground bits of life, she wondered whether he had been right, after all, and whether there might not be an enjoyment which was not logical, but intuitive.

An unexpected noise near her broke in

upon ber questionings, and, turning her bend, she saw Dr. Moleson evidently hunting for some mislaid object amidst the marble debris. At the same moment he because aware of her presence, and, giving up his search, came toward her, an exprepleasure finding its way through his smoked

glasses, as he exclaimed:
"You here still, my dear Miss Godwin?"
"You here still, my dear Miss Godwin?"
"You here believe the afternoon
that I could not bear to leave. Look how beautiful at la!

The doctor seated bimself on a Doric capital beside her and turned his eyes rather per-functorily toward the scene to which bur speech had called his attention. The worthy man was not without his ideals and eather asms. No life which is honestly and excreedly devoted to a yet unfulfilled purpose, ever though that purpose be the establishing of a theory of foundation-stones, can be entirely lacking in a species of pectry, but the poetry of Dr. Moleson's existence was not lyric, mature to him consisted of astronomy, any, geology, and such other sciences as are used for her virisection. He let his eyes wan-der for a moment over the landscape, which he could not help connecting with the map of ancient Greece, unconsciously noting the di-rection is which the old walls had run from Athens to the sea. Then, wishing very much to show himself to be in sympathy with Marion a mood, he answered assentingly: "Yes—you are right: from this point one

communities a most extensive putiorama."

Marion did not respond. She found both his adjective and noun improportate. The doctor stroked his sandy beard, into which a few prophetic gray hairs had found their way, and fidgeted a little nervously on his hard

"Miss Godwin," he began again, after a "Miss Goown, he regan again, alter a peace, during which she had almost forgotten his presence, "there is a matter which I have wished to enthunit to your judgment, and it is most entitable that I should do so just here. You know to whom this temple was dedi-

She looked at him in some surprise. Was

he going to favor her with an examination of her winter's studies ab initio? "You mean Athena" she asked. "You ceraly did not think me so ignorant as not to

know that?" she added, with a laugh.
"No no certainly not, but he patient, my dear Miss Godwin I am asking you with a purpose. Will you tell me now of what Athena is most popularly termed the god-

is better filted than the feminine for grappiling with the problems of learning, tau there are exceptions, and you, my dear young indy are one, I could almost call you, as Plato called Arisiotle, the intellect of my school. The sun was reddening toward the horizon and giving a dash of warmer color to the gran-green slope of the Masseon Hill, on the voice which at gran-green slope of the Masseon Hill, on the core which at the problem, but he interpred her with a dignified ware of his hand.

"And it is chiefly because of this that the

sure that you are too sensible to consider that any obstacle. I believe that I could do much toward enlarging and developing your phe-nomenaity receptive mind, and your com-panionship would aid, instead of hinder, my work. I hope that Athena may inspire your answer, as well as my question." And, answer, as well as my question." And, vaguely conscious of a certain ponderosity in the style of his proposal, the doctor made an effort to lend it greater charm by taking off his glasses and smiling seriously down upon Marion, who was twisting and untwist-

fort and confusion.

It has never occurred to her that this mid-It han never occurred to her that this mid-dis-aged widower, engrossed as he had always seemed to her in his antiquarian researches, could contemplate matrimony, and, least, of all, that his choice could fail upon anything so modern as herself. It seemed inconsistent of him to set his affections upon something not in a state of interesting dilapida ion. His "suggestion," therefore, took her utterly by surprise, and had the effect of making her feel thoroughly unconfortable.
"I am very sorry," she answered, hervously, her eyes cast down, her cheeks crimson. "I

never dreamt of such a thing. And really, Dr. Moleson, you have made a great mistake in your estimate of me. I could never be any help to you. I am not at all what you think. Indeed, I was just thinking before you joined me how entirely unsuited I was for higher education.

"You must let others judge of that, my dear chid," he said, soothingly, "Your natural modesty stands in the way of your estimate of yourself. You have great intellectual capacity; you have proved it to me this winter

"But, even if I have, it does not eatisfy me," she urget. "I thought it would. I came here five months ago dreaming that these studies would fill my life to overflow-ing, but I have been dreadfully disappointed. ing, but I have been dreaminty disappointed in myself. I have done my best, and my life is not full. I feel as if it needed something more—more pleasure, perhaps—or more beauty—" She hesitated, and looked away from the doctor out over the sea to where the leand of Agina floated like a violet cloud

Dr. Moleson was not too old or too learned to feel a little moved by a certain pathos in her voice—a pathos which he did not under-stand, although he was conscious of it. "Do you not think there might be some

pleasure and beauty to be grouned in such a life as I offer you? Believe me, I should not forget your youth, or urge you forward so strenuously that you might not pick the flowers along the road." He almost biashed, leeling himself guitty of something not unlike

"Thank you, you are very good." Marion "Thank you, you are very good." Marion foil as it she were a bird, struggling help-lessly in a net formed of the doctor's persistent obtaseness. "Don't you see," she said, desperately, "that it is not only pleasure and beauty that I need? I know it must sound very feelish to you, but I am afraid I need love, too."

voice—"My dear child, I do not think that I "My dear child", there was a burt note in his.

voice—"My dear child, I do not think that I "My dear child"—there was a burt note in his exaggerate when I say that the regard which I have for you might be called by that name.

Through what Achilles' heet of his unemotional organization the charm of Marion's height young personality had plerced to his consciousness was a wonder to the doctor himself, and to wonder at anything in his own well-ordered mind was a sensation so unusual that he can hardly be biamed for adopting the theory that it must be love.

"It is not only that -1 am sorry if it wounds you, but I cannot make you understand un-less I say it plainly. I could not marry un-less I loved, and aithough I admire and re-spectives, I could never love you,"

Marion was nearly crying from vexation and nervousness, and, having pronounced her ultimatum, suctried to get up and escape. But her persevering suitor had not said his inst word yet. He laid a detaining hand upon her arm, and began again in a voice which he could not quite divest of its didac-

"One moment more. Miss Godwin. The legend runs that Poseidon, the god of the unstable sea, and Aphrodite, the goddess of the unstable sea, and Aphrodite, the goddess of the unstable human heart, fought with Athema for the possession of Atilea. Athema, the goddess of wiedom, won the victory, and the story of her triumph was caryed upon the peatment of the temple which the Athemans erected upon this very spot in her honor. I telleve that they never had cause to regret it. The foolish inneies of sentiment make a poor substitute for the notier guidance of a caim and well-poised intellect. I wish you to think for a moment whether your decision is a wise one. Miss Linsley has told me that the most restel their vague emotions that the most

regret it, but now, while I am young, and their words to take care of themselves, and while I am still stirred by the 'vague long-tings which you hold in such contempt, I can not but prefer my freedom—the freedom to dream, if nothing else. After all, you have asked me to let myself be influenced by the remories of this spot, and was not the Athena who was here worshiped called Athena furthenes, 'the Virgin' I think she would comsei the to pursue the path of wisdom alone."
The poor doctor feit himself defented. The
last shot was, perhaps, the strongest she
outdlines med. He rose relativity

could have used. He rose rejuctantly, and held out his hand. Marion sprang to her feet, with intense relief.
"It is needless to say that I am much disappointed," said Dr. Moleson, gravely. "I traink you are making a mistake, but I hope

that this conversation need make no differ-ence in our pleasant relations as pupil and teacher."

The friendliness in his tone surprised and touched her. She did not understand how it was possible to taken refusal so calmly. Putting her hand in his, she said, gratefully:

Thank you very much. I am sorry vo de the mistake. I have no doubt I shoul

be happer if I were what you thought me."

Dr. Molecun nodded his head slowly, as if quite agreeing with her, and then, with a kind "Good afternoon," he turned and picked his way carefully through the wilderness of parble shafts and capitals,

Marlon, too, waiting only until she saw the op of his battered gray wide-awake disap-sar slowly below the massive-entrance steps, curried to leave the spot whose charm had been destroyed for her by the manyals quart d'heure which she had been forced to spend there. Not wishing to follow too closely in Dr. Moleson's wake, she kept to the edge of the Acropolis until she reached, the delicate temple of Nike Apteros, which overhangs its

western precipies.

Just before passing through the classic chaos which led to it, she found a small notebook lying half hidden under a marble fragment. She opened it at random to discover he name of its owner, and came upon a lit-le list of memoranda in Dr. Moleson's neat

"N. B. Confer with Prof. D. on probable

Athena is most popularly termed the goddess?

"Of wisdom, strange to say! I have always
wondered how the man of antiquity happened
to give such a compliment to us women. I
am sure that the men of the nineteenth century would have made their wisest delty a
god, and not a goddess!"

"It is true, I believe," assented Dr. Moleson
gravely, "that, as a rule, the maculine mind
is better fitted than the femine for grappling with the problems of learning, but there

suggestion has forced itself upon me which I now wish to make to you. It seems to me to be a wise suggestion, as well as a pleasant one. To put a bininty, for you know that I always aim at absolute clearness of diction, would it not be well if two people who, like you and myself, are devoted to the same pursuits and directed toward the same aims, should join forces, and, as husband and wife, naturally belp and encourage each other? I admit the disparity in our ages—but I feel sure that was are too sensible to consider that singin snatches of strange nasal chants. From the Palace Square a clear bugle call announced that royalty had returned from its drive. And in the west, cloud after cloud was catching a glory of gold and ruby and amethod.

amethyst,
Marion looked out upon it all, and thought,
Marion looked out upon it all, and thought, Marion looked out upon it all, and thought, for the second time that afternoon, of Arnold Foster. How his artist's soul would have enjoyed this beauty! She remembered with what keen appreciation he had noted every change of light on the ngate-green clives of Bello Source with the second source of the second source with the second source of the second source with the second source with the second source with the second source with the second second source with the second second source with the second s Bello Squardo, every delicate wine and am-ber tint in the valley of the Arno, during the at all?" pleasant, idie month of desultory sight-seeing which they had spent together in the "City of Lilles," in the Italian autumn, only

"City of Lilies," in the Italian autumn, only half a year ago.

Their acquaintance had been one of those happy chances of travel which have all the charm of the unexpected. They had shared the railway carriage from Genoa to Florence, as Miss Linsey had not been able to secure seats in the "Dames Scules" compartment which her old-maidenly mind preferred. And it had needed but a trifle, a window to be raised, or needed but a triffe, a window to be raised, or a valise to be brought down from the rack, to open the channels for a flood of mutual com-parisons and enthusiams up n the wonderful old world which was so new to them both. It is an easy matter for two young people to find each other and get at each other's interests and ideals, while they are still fresh and unashamed of them, and a few hours do for them what it would take years to accomplish

ter in life. The month in Florence which followed the railway journey between the opal-colored Carrara Mountains and the Mediterranean was one of those idy's which are lived so unconsciously that their beauty is only realized by the memory. To become conscious of their charm would be to break its spell, which less that said to Dr. Moleson: "Pleasure, beauty, love." She only dropped her eyes and blashed. charm would be to break its spell, which lies in its very ignorance of itself. The long mornings among the pictures and churches, the afternoon rambles in the Cascine, or on the sunny heights of Monte Oliveto and San Miniato, the lamp-lit evenings in the little sitting-room of the hotel, these all had their slaars in making very good friends of the impetuous young artist, whose reputation was yet to win, but whose future was all filluminated with beckoning hopes, and the ardent novice of learning, fresh from graduation honors and Harvard examinations, believing ionors and Harvard examinations, believing in knowledge for the sake of knowledge, as he believed in art for art's dear sake.

They had often argued very hotly from what they thought the impregnable fortresses of their opposite standpoints. She had ob-jected to what she called his enervating wor-ship of beauty, and he had condemned the higher education of woman as a dangerous and undestrable experiment. But their very discussion had formed a bond between them,

discussion had formed a tond between them. Marion Godwin, leaning against the temple wall, and feeling a little of the soul home-sicaness which extreme beauty is apt to cause, allowed berself the unwise pleasure of recol-lection, and wondered why they had ended it all with a quarrel. She did not know that the same youthfulness which had made them fast friends in a couple of hours had made it possible for a few impetuous words to separate them. An older man and woman would have missed the sodden bloom and escaped the

equalty sudden storm.

It had happened on a soft October evening, only a day or two before she was to leave Florence and its doice far niente for Athens Florence and its doice far niente for Attens and a winter of severe and self-imposed study. They had arranged for a trip to Fiesole, and Fate, in the shape of one of Miss Linsley's sick hoadaches, appearing at the last moment, had given them a whole long sumy afternoon alone with each other and with the soit Southern nature whose delight it is to warm the hearts of young men and maidens, and to become the confidence of their romances. They had climbed the steep, roughly paved little street leading from Fiesole to the old monastery, had sat together on the stone bench dedicated by an Englishman to his follow-travellers of all nations. man to his fellow-travellers of all nations and had looked out over festooned vineyard which he could not quite divest of its didac-tic habit.

"One moment more. Miss Godwin, The legend runs that Poseidon, the god of the un-stable sea, and Aphrodite, the goddess of the unstable human heart, fought with Athena for the possession of Atilca. Athena, the god-dess of wisdom, won the victory, and the

a wise one. Miss Linkiey has told me that you are quite alone in the world, and that, on your return to America, you will need to have been a position in some school. Do you think that such an existence will satisfy your vague tiongings any better than the life of comfort, of travel, of varied interests, which I can offer you? A younger man would have been augered by your last speech, and would nave left you. I on the contrary, ask you to reconsider it."

Marion longed to tell him how much she would have preferred the younger man's way, but she controlled herself and answered wearily: brought mischief. It is often so with ver young lovers; they are so full of unmanage able new emotions that they have to leave

had not dared to begin with what was upper most—"I love you, why should we ever part?"—And in his attempt to reach that cli-max by degrees he had put it awkwardly and

ost the right direction altogether.

"Are you still determined to carry out that foolish project of yours?" If he had not said "foolish," it might have succeeded better.

"It may seem foolish to you—you have never understood it. To me it is the fulfillment of my greatest wish," she had answered, feeling a little excited and deflant, she hardly know with

knew why.

Her "greatest wish!" and she could say that after the last two hours. Could she imagine nothing, even now, sweeter than the nequiring of knowledge? His disappointment had hardened his voice as he exclaimed,

almost angrily:
"What does a girl like you want of more Greek? For my part, I believe that all this study will just spoil you. I would much rather have you just as you are now."

rather have you just as you are now.

Perhaps it was the touch of presumptive proprietorship in his speech, perhaps it was the last girlish struggle against the defeat which she knew to be imminent, and dreaded while she longed for it. Her heart was beating fast, and the words "I love you" were as or berlips as they had been near his, but she had answered coldly, her head very high in the air:
"I do not suppose that a 'girl like me,' in

choosing a certain course of study, does it with any particular reference as to how a man like you might profer to 'have' her!

"You are quite right—I beg your pardon."
he had answered stiffly.
And then they had each wrapped themselves tightly up in their wounded dignity
and had walked silently down on the oppoatte sides of the road from each other, while the little god of love turned his back on them. It was all very childish and trivial, and had happened simost without their own volition, in a superficial region quite outside of their true feelings, which were very kindly and lov-"N. B. Confer with Prof. D. on probable date of newly-found stele in Dipylon.

"N. R. Verify my theory of water-supply by exact measurement of aqueduct pipe.

"N. R. Speak to Miss G. as soon as fitting opportunity offers."

Marion closed the book with an involuntation of the but of the but of twenty and twenty-two to overlook; and so, a few days later, Marion put away childish things, Florentine fancies with the rest, and to enter upon the great life-days of the but of the put away childish things. work of culture which she was de should satisfy all the demands of her arden

young soul.

But, as she had told Dr. Moleson, she had been bitterly disappointed in herself. It was all so different from what she had expected! After several months of conscient tious study, Greek art and poetry were longer to her what they had been in the days at home.

What was she to do now with a life which,

at its very beginning, she had dedicated to a The Delphic oracle itself could hardly have answered her thought more appositely than the voice which at this moment reached her from the marble steps of the Propylea, far

"If you are willing to share your elevation

with an humble worshipper, I will come up and join you in your temple portico, fair THE SEASON'S BALL GOWNS goddess!"

goddess."

And then, without waiting for further permission than was given by her flushed and startled look of pleasure. Arnold Foster sprang up the steep ascent which divided them, and took both her hands in his own, his boyjsh face bright with an immense gladness, to which the welcome in her eyes was no inadequate response.

"How in all the world did you get here?"
She felt so sure that all would be right now Evening Punctions.

She felt so sure that all would be right now that it was deligntful to linger over prelimi-naries, and, when one's heart is full, one either does not speak at all, or speaks super-

"They told me at the hotel that you had come up to the Acropolis to a lecture of some sort. I'm glad it's over."

The mention of the lecture called up Dr. Moleson's image and sent a little uncomfortable chill down her back.

"But how do you happen to be in Athens

"But how do you happen to be in Athens at all?"

"I don't happen. 'Man came not to his place by accident.' I had a very strong reason for coming to Athens, and it wasn't to study archaeology, either!" He laughed, and she laughed with him. They were a pair of

happy children.
"I am rather relieved at that!" she said. "You will be a refreshing exception."
"Have you really become so shockingly fitvolous as that?" he asked reproachfully, but the reproach had the sound of delight in it. "And I have come all this way with the express purpose of finding out if you have learned as much as I have in the last few months."

months."
"That depends on what you have been "That depends on what you have been learning. To rival Botticelli?"
"I have been learning to respect brains! That is to say, I have discovered that I shall never be of any use to myself or to any one else without the help of vours!"
"And I have learned to almost hate them! At least, other things seem of so much more value to me now."

value to me now."
"What are the other things?" His voice

"It is awfully conceited of me, I know, but

"It is awfully conceited of me, I know, but do I count for anything among them?" he asked.

She was still silent, because the happiness of the moment awed her.

"Answer me dear," he urged. "Do not let us spoil our possible joy, as we did at Fiesole. Is love—my love—our love, of more value to you now than learning?"

Then she spoke, raising her honest eyes to his, and laying fier hand, with an impulsive little gesture, on his arm:

little gesture, on his arm:
"Oh, it is of more value than anything else

A rosy afterglow lingered in the heavens and cast a violet hue upon the mountains. The russet gold of the Parthenon columns turned a pinker shade, and the white caryatides of the Erechtheum seemed to be blush

ing into life and sympathy.

If Arnold Foster had been endowed with Dr.
Moleson's classical fore, he might, with appropriate pedantry, have reminded Marion that the luminous-eyed athena could hardly bear much of a grudge against her renegade votary, since she had united them there, in the shelter of her little temple of Victory, called "Wing-less" because it was nevermore to take its flight,-Bomance,

CHRYSANTHEMUM SHADES,

One of These Will Be a Birthday Gift to

NEW YORK, Nov. 11 .- "Please send that amp shude to Mrs. Vanderbilt's address. It is for her birthday-and be sure to send it on the right day,"

The speaker hurried out to her carriage, The speaker hurried out to her carriage, while the saleswoman lifted to the counter the prettiest lamp shade in a window filled with marvels of the shade-maker's art, "I am glad, of course, to make the sale," said she, "the figure you see is \$40. But I must say I hate to let this shade go. It dressed up the whole window."

The lamp shade referred to, which is to be

a birthday present to some one of the ladies of the house of Vana rbit, was of pink material; that is, its general effect was such. It was round and as large as a bushel-basket. The background seemed to be delicate chiffon background seemed to be delicate chiffon hanging straight. Over this there was a very deep flounce of lace put on in the usual full manner. And then came the real beauty of the shade. It was covered with chrysanthe-mums. The flowers were put on in bunches. The stalks were buried beneath clusters of the

The stalks were poried beneath clusters of the flowers, and the rather stiff leaves were soft-ened by being twisted in some mysterious way beneath the flowers. This saleswoman said that there was little profit upon a shade like this, as the flowers were imported and made with the rubbe stems so much liked in America. The most The factor of t cate pink crysanthemums had been sen, as if they were the first oms of the season, and when placed over an electric light for a moment a vision of the coming flower show flashed across the eyes of the spectafor. The shop woman smiled as she took it off. "I knew this shade would go inside of an hour," said she.

Another one, likewise immediately sold, and how the state of the said she would be a sold.

ut lovely pink estrich tips in bunches along had lovely pine estrict the in bunches along its upper edge. From the ostrict feathers hung real lace which spread out in some way, known only to the makers of lamp shades, until it covered the delicate green founda-tion. The tips were pink, the lace white and the foundations pale green a very lovely combination of color and one much liked by ladies who are furnishing their boudoirs A very trim and beautiful shade was one

igned for a Louis Quinze boudoir. as plain as the plainest bit of white furniture ver made. A wire shade had evidently be ever made. A wire shade had evidently been covered with white silk. Over the silk there fell, without ever a trace of loop or festoon, a deep ruffle of richly embroidered white chif-ton. It was of the finest silk embroidery and the effect was as tranquilizing as the white gown of the debutante. Around the upper edge where the chiffon went on and where it would show to good effect, in the upper rays of the to-be-envied lamp, there went a "collar" of chrysanthemums. "Later there "collar" of chrysanthemums. "Later there may be holly and mistletoe put in for the holidays," explained the shop-woman,
"Are these shades expensive?" asked a
timid little woman putting only her head in

the door.
"The one with the ostrich tips is \$60," said "The one with the ostrica tips is \$50. Same the shop-woman. "The plain one in chiffon is \$25- and a bargain. And then we have one in wild roses over China silk for \$16."

Eleanor Doulgas.

The Pencil and Paper.

"I was calling at a house the other day," said a man of society, "and as I found the lady I wished to see out, and had a message which I desired to deliver, I asked the maid, after vainly fumbling in my pocket for a pencil, if she could get me one. I expected, from my experience on similar occasions, a wait of several minutes occasions, a wait of several minutes while she hunted it up; to my surprise, however, she promptly presented me with a neat little pad, to which a sharply pointed pencil was attached, and which was evidently kept on the hall table for just such emergencies. It was a simple detail, if you will, but one which stamped that house forever in my mind as being well regulated in every department and presided over by a thoughtful woman."— St. Louis Globe-Democrat,

A Thrifty Husband. She—I must have some winter clothes. He-Of course, my dear, of course. She-Well, why don't you let me have

He-Let's walt until spring, my dear, and dowed with that youthfulness beloved of then they will be so much cheaper.—Detroit Free Press, painters, can never offend; but flesh is a think to be handled with discretion, and a round baby bodice is a young and becoming bridg-ing of some of its difficulties. To be worn with the brocade skirts de-HAPPY DAYS.

compositions.

Oh, these here are the happy days— No matter what they say; There's more good fun in all the ways Than's been there many a day! scribed, as well as those of quite as splendid lik, come diaphanous textiles of every color and description, to be fashioned into the upper garment.

The stiff, rustling silk or satin of the pom-

The crackin' of the teamster's whip-The shoutin' of a boy, As the hick ry nuts come tumblin' down— That's joy for you—big jey! Oh, these here are the happy days,

The feller with a sweetheart Is a-thinkin' of a wife. There's plenty in the corncrib, There's honey in the hive; That it's good to be alive! -Atlanta Constitution.

What the Societ Girl Will Wear to

NOVELTIES FOR THIS WINTER

Brocade and Chiffon the Favored Fabrics for Dancing and Dinner Entertainments, with Full Short Skirts, Huge Sleeves, and Drooping Shoulder Bands-Swell Effects.

New York, Nov. 17 .- In the splendid old days of patch and power, of high beels and rouge and stately brocade, when the fashion for mounting the hair on vast cushions came in, the sedan chair that took Belinda to the rout underwent also a change.

Its roof has raised a pair of feet at least and curved into a dome to accommodate her towering topknot, and to-day it seems almost as if long dead Belinda's sweet descendant lace, and a blouse vest of lizard-green chiffon.

like drapers and slik or satin foundations are much in favor, and wonderful opaline effects, as illusive as moonbeams themselves, are made by mounting one color over another to the number of three and four, and even six.

FOR OLDER WOMEN. But along with these dashing novelties in brocade and gauze, there are entire evening gowns in velvet and satin, and occasionally one of silk, such as was spoken of in our mother's day as "standing alone."

The skirts of many of these are made after the French circular model, which hangs very full about the feet.

A few have a suspicion of a train. Others

are only slightly longer and all are without the wire braid of the Paquin street garment. A pleasing feature of numbers of these skirts is their absolute plainness, but the four illustrations here shown give some of the latest Parisian hints for effective trimming

and draping.

DESCRIPTIONS OF ILLUSTRATIONS. The first gown of the series is entirely of pale pink velvet, with a tabiler drapery of white face and decorations of real swallows

The bodice, whose square, untrimmed neck line is the quintessence of simplicity, buttons at the left side, and the line arapery is fluished at the back with long strings that tie at the waist in a smart bunching bow.

An enchanting confection in changeable green and white satin, and which is shown in the foreground of the group drawing, has skirt and bodies decorations of butter-colored lace, and a bleum vast of the state of the colored



TWO EFFECTIVE EVENING DRESSES. A narrow belt of emerald passementeric fin-ishes the waist; and here, as in the other two models, the buiging effect of the short, puffed must soon need wings added to her carriage, in order that her ever-growing sleeves and sleeves is made by cutting the material straight across the top and putting the curved and chief fullness at the sides. The costume next this beautiful skirt, with its graduating Van Dyke points, is of heavy white slik, with black tuile, jet and lace trim-

the divine original of this model

Together with the other toilets expressed

many-gored skirt may likewise travel to the dance in unrued excellence.

RICHLY PLOWERED STUFFS. Some of the new evening brocades, which, we are told, are soon to take the place of the more matronly moires, are enchanting revelations. In texture they seem created to endure longer than life itself; and, together with new and novel designs, are seen many of the dainty patterns of the long ago.

One, with a cold white background, is strewn with wreaths or magenta pink roses, tied with ribbons of the same shade. Another is shown with little foolish rosebuds, red, with stiff stems and green leaves, like the decorations on old Dresden china powder boxes. Still another has a tea white background.

that tender and adorable shade of pink-white only made by pouring milk into the most per-fect of teas.

This was scattered with loose bouquets of Cosmos flowers, which mysterious blos-soms, in velvet, and rich wall-flower tints, garlanded the low, square, tea-white gauze

FEATURES OF THE COSTUMES. The short sleeves of this bodice, than which nothing seemed more elaborate or more becoming, were of accordeon plaiting gauze, mounted over satin in full puffs, and which had the downward and upward droop that now distinguishes all sleeves. Below the left bust line was a striking and

ombre note in all this truly gaiety; three large Cosmos blossoms in sooty-black satin, trailing heavily from the colored corsage

tent. Black, it seems, in bold, brief touches in unexpected quarters, is a winter punctua-

C 4 Goodien

AMETHYST SATIN BALL GOWN. tion for some of fashion's most delicate

In the same way, through the most modish

TO SUIT ALL STYLES.

Bones, is sufficiently well hung and en-

padour petilicoat never repeats itself in the bodice, this being made exclusively in chiffon, mousseline de soie, crope, and even tulie-either plain, jeweled, or spangled. Chiffon waists for plain skirts, however, are some-

times brocaded quite as gorgeously as some of the new silks. Indeed, chiffons were never



pounting corn in a rock mortar enabled the brave old fighter, Col. Benjamin Church to secure the person of Annawan, the right-hand man of King Philip, in 1876. There is hardly a town in-cluded in the Nipmue country but has one or more of these crude mills of the red men. Grafton or Haranamisco holds an im-mense one on the borders of Kitville, not far from the last settlement of that tilbe and near from the last settlement of that tilbe and near from the last settlement of that tribe and near the battle-field on Keith Hill, where Philip's men came to grief. There were certain places resorted to by the Indians for growing their corn and as far as my knowledge extends they were usually on the hillsides.

Some of the small mortars have, no doubt,

been removed from their original places, but there removes from their original places, but others remain where they were used, fixed as the enduring hills. The soapstone vessels used by the Nipmucs are of various sizes, and have been numerously found in Millbury and Sutton. Along the streams, in clefts of rocks. and on the highest points of land, they have been unearthed, many broken and others in perfect condition. I have in mind one which lies in the western part of Millbury, weighing In the same way, through the most modish illustrations we are made to see that the slight drooping of a narrow belt in front will increase an effect of waist slightness. A bodie, too, with a round, half-high neck, is a kindly aid to too generous proportions. A slight figure, on the contrary, a girl divinely tall and, of course, divinely fair, may wear her corsage literally tumbling from thin shoulders. perhaps seventy-five pounds and within fifty rods of Ramshorn stream. All that is known of its history is that the occupants of the farm had for generations used it as a watering trough for hens.—Worcester Gazette.

Another George W. door, and the nicest, sweetest old lady in the world met him. He chuckled quietly, for he

world met nim. He chuckled quietly, for he thought be had struck a snap that was going to be a regular bonanza flud;
"Beggin' your pardon, lady, but can I get a bite to eat here?" he asked, humbly.
"Are you very hungry?" she responded, like "Yes, lady."
"Yes, lady: I have not done a liek of work panion."

alnee the first day of June."

Something in this statement made him chuckle again, but she did not hear him, as she stepped to the cupboard to get a piece of pie. She came lack and stood with it in her hand before him like a Lady Bountiful and his worth harm to water.

his mouth began to water.

"And how long before that?" she asked, with something in her tone that crushed him.

"Lady." he gasped, "I cannot tell a lie.

Good morning," and he walked out of the yard, while she set the pie back for the next one. District Free Press. seen before in such vast profusion and variety;
but a proper foundation is certainly one of
the most important points in their making up,
Distinct contrasts in color between the cloudone.—Detroit Free Press.

WOMAN AND HER WOES.

Two very pretty and fashionable young women set out from Montelair to Bloomfield, N. J., one day last week on foot, and, as they were going to a luncheon, had on most "fetching" toilets. The road was hot and dusty and after a little young woman's Louis Quinne beel and Piccadilly toe began to give her bother, so that the walk shead grew to assume fairly insurmountable proportions. Just as she limped and hobbled at her worst along came a great high wagon with a wide driver's

came a great mgn wagon with a wais driver's seat over the top.

The whistling driver's cherry consent to their request for a ride solved their difficulty. He chuckled a bit as he handed them up beside him, but he was mighty genual about it and they felt no other sensation than that of relief, with an idea that they were perhaps consultenate.

relief, with an idea that they were perhaps conspicuously high.

As they rade along everybody stared at them. Some folk actually stopped by the roadside and shielded their eves with their rural paims to watch the young women. By and by the garing grow embarrassing and as they neared the town they feit that surely something strange must be the matter with either one beyond the fact of being a modian young woman taking a free ride up where women are not wont to eithe.

They pulled down their skirts and drew in their feet, adjusted their hats, assured each other that they looked all right and did everything else that nervous young women means not wont to either the second of the sec

thing else that nervous young women may do. As they entered the town, things as-sumed awful proportions. Everybody stood and stared. Shopkeepers ran to their doors, heads were thrust our of windows, there was whispering and polating and following until

whispering and polating and following until
the young women in grim agony held down
their purasols and felt creeping upon them
an inciplent puralysis which would prevent
their ever being able to step down from this
dreading pinnacie.

At last the driver began to see it.
"Guess," he said, "they think it sort o'
queer me carryin' a load like this. Never
seen one like it afore on this wagon, sure
'nough, but they don't need to be such durn
idiots makin' such fuse about it. It's only
the prison wagon."

the prison wagon."

And straight in the face of the crowd those And straight in the lace of the crown those young women stepped down. A few feet more and they might have been landed in front of the prison and they would show the public, whatever it cost, that they were completely free women. But they were shaken women, and never will they take a free ride again without an advance account of the natare of the wagon.

SHE HAD TO WALK TEN MILES. "What was the most uncomfortable quarter of an hour I ever spout in my life?" said a dainty bit of feminicity, wearing a bifurented skirt, to her companion as they sped together up the boulevard the other afternoon on a

up the boulevard the other afternoon on a bleycle built for two.
She was replying to a question of her escort, and was evidently in a profound study, trying really to select from the various unpleasant enisodes with which she had been confronted in her eighteen years' experience one which outtoped all the others.
Rallying suddenly, and with her fingers clutching more tightly the guiding bar of her black, as her cheeks reddened slightly at the recollection, she said: 'I am sure that there was never but one instance in my life when a desire to do mirrier filled my heart. That surely was a quarter of an hour to be

when a desire to do mirrier filled my heart. That surely was a quarter of an hour to be remembered above all others.

"It happened lest aummer while I was visiting friends near Concord, N. H. Throughout all that country the roads are in bad condition, and the hills are something awful. Eight miles these would be equivalent to sixteen on this boulevard.

"Well, one day when I was ton miles from home and had just pushed my wheel up Dimont's hill, the highest of all the hills around, and was anticipating a long two-mile downgrade sweep on the other side, a man stepped out from a clump of busiles at the roadside.

"He was unshaven and horrid looking, as when he rushed up to me and sensed my machine roughly, as i was in the very act of mounting, I nearly fainted." The fourth and last confection, however, is, with its little air of piquant dignity, the most fetching of them all. Pale maize satin, as thick as the proverbial board, amethyst vel-vet, white lace and white culffon, composed

mounting it hearly fainted.

"Don't fear pretty one, he said in a busky voice, fraught with the odor of liquor, it want hart you. All I want to do is to borrow your blike. I'm something of a rider myself. With that he took my machine, and mounting with all the skill of expert, he rode off, leaving me to walk those dreadful ten

"I never saw my machine again. Of course he was a tramp, and I've never seen one since without wishing I had something more dan-gerous about me than a hat pin."

RELEASED HER IMPRISONED POOT. A woman crossing a network of railroad tracks in Long Island City not long ago stepped on a frog, which was unlocked, and pinioned her foot securely. There was possibly no danger from an approaching train, for there were many men about, but her position was not comfortable.

Her cries attracted assistance to her side.

and the groups of men began suggesting first one thing, then musther to release the foot, "Give a sudden jork," suggested one. "Silda your foot forward," said another. The woman tried, but could not move her foot.
"No, that won't do," cried a third. "Geta crowbar; got anything. We've got to pry it out." At this the woman became hysterical, and the men all grew nervous. Several rangup the track and several down to signal any

percenting train.

Just then, when the excitement was high, a railroad employe crossed the track, swing-ing a tin dinner pail.
"What's the matter?" he asked one of the "What's the matter?" he asked one of the crowd. The situation was explained to him. Everything had been tried, his informant said, and they were waiting for a crowbar. "Why don't you unlace the shoe," he said, and taking a kaife from his pocket he cut the laces. No one had thought of that, but the remedy was effectual, and in fiftnen seconds the half-fainting woman was able to pull her foot from the shoe and a slight effort then released the latter.—New York Heraid.

An Oregonian's Great Scheme A young man who not long since found the

pleasures of city life pall on him and went out into Washington county to be a jolly The noise made by an Indian woman farmer claims to have discovered a method of pounding corn in a rock mortar enabled the utilizing oak grubs, which, if it works, will prove the greatest discovery of the age, as far as farming in Oregon is concerned.

Every one who has had anything to do with farming in the Willamette Valley knows what tracts, and are called grads occase the bary way of getting rid of them is by grubbing them up. They have caused more back-aches and heartaches and the use of more profunity than any other kind of grub in the State, though the grub furnished in some places is enough to make a saint swear. Well, this genius of a farmer has grafted all his oak grubs with chestnut scions, and says they are doing finely, and that in a few years he will be fat-tening vast droves of hogs on chestnuts, and he can afford to laugh at farmers who raise wheat to fatten nogs.—Morning Oregonian.

Personal Tribute.

Initials may be made to stand for a good nany things which they were never intended to indicate. Everything depends upon the ingenuity of the reader.

An old negro servant who had noticed "Ma old hears servant who had noticed "Washington, D. C.," stamped upon envelopes received by his mistrees, said one day: "I jess like to know, Mis' Hannah, wy dey alius put dem letters, 'D. C.' after de name ob Wash'n'ton on dem envi lopes?" in "What do not more they alind for?" in-'What do you suppose they stand for uired the mistress, who always enjoyed the

quired the mistress, who always enjoyed the old man's answers.

"Wy," said sambo, after a moment's reflection. "I'se been tinkin' doy mos' likely stood for 'Daddy on his Country,' but I wa'n' 'Xackly sure and sartin but w'at dey might mean some udder ting, fer Wash'n'ten he was a great man and 'pears' like dere's mons'ons deal to be said 'bout him."—Youth's Com-

AN ARAB PROVERS-"MEN ARE FOUR "

The man who knows not that he knows not anght—
He is a fool; no light shall ever reach him.
Who knows he knows not, and would fain be

taught— He is but simple; take thou him and teach him. But whose, knowing, knows not that he knows-

But whose, knowing, knows not may
He is asleep; so thou to hum and wake him.
The truly wise both knows and knows he knows.
Cleave thou to him and asvermore forsake
—The Speciator.